

HARMONIA SACRA.

VOL. II.

1714

2

Harmonia Sacra:
OR,
DIVINE HYMNS
AND
DIALOGUES:

WITH
A THROUGH-BASS for the Theorbo-Lute,
Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ.

Composed by the Best Masters of the last and Present Age.

The WORDS by several Learned and Pious Persons.

BOOK II. The 2d. Edition very much Enlarg'd and Corrected;
Also Three Excellent Anthems, never before Printed, by Mr. Croft,
the late Dr. Blow, and Mr. Fer. Clark.

Angels and Men assisted by this Art,
May Sing together tho' they Dwell apart.
Mr. Waller of Divine Poetic.

IMPRIMATUR.

Julii 1^o. 1693.

GUIL. LANCASTER.

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearson*, for *S. H.* and Sold by *John Young*, at the
Dolphin and Crown in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. M DCC XIV.
Where may be had the 8th. and 13th. Operas of *Bassani's Divine Motetts*.

THE
DIVINE HYMNS
AND
DIGEST

WITH
A THROUGH-BASS for the Treble-Lute.
Best-Lute, Pipe, or Organ.

The Words by several Learned and Pious Persons.
Composed by the best Musick of the Age and Present Age.
BOOK II. The second very much enlarged and Corrected.
Also Three Excellent Anthems, never before Printed, by Mr. Goss.
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Mr. Watts of Divine Poet.

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GUIL. LANCASTER
Julii 17. 1697.

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Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. M DCC XIV.
Where may be had the full and right Opera of Passions, Hymns, &c.

To the Reverend
HENRY ALDRICH, D.D.
Dean of *Christ-Church*, and Vice-Chancellor of the
University of O X F O R D.

S I R,
THIS is the Greatest Thing that I can do, for the Excellent
Musick, Poetry, and Piety of these Papers; it has
been my Care indeed to save them from Oblivion, but they are In-
debted to me now much more, for the Defence and Ornament of
Your Name.

In Addresses of this kind, Men are usually so far from suiting
the Subject of their Treatises to the Qualifications of the Persons
they Apply to, that we may shortly expect to see Musick Dedicated
to the Deaf, as well as Poetry to Aldermen, and Prayer-Books
to Atheists; and tho' generally it is a difficult Matter to find a
Worthy Patron for any One of these Excellencies, yet we happily
find them all lodg'd in your self. It has indeed been very seldom
known since the Royal Prophet's Time, that any Single Man has
been thus Qualified, but they All meet so Eminently in You, not to
mention those other great Advantages, which distinguish You from
the rest of the World that had it been possible for me to have been
at a Loss to whom I should have Addressed my self, Thousands
would have named You in the same Instant.

Pardon me then, Sir, if I presume to beg Your Protection for
these Papers, 'tis the utmost of my Fidelity and Love to my Charge;
and I shall now have the Glory of Providing better for other Men's
Works, than ever the Fondest Author could do for his Only. I am,

S I R,
Your most humble Servant,
a H. P.

To Dr. John Blow, and Mr. Henry Purcell, upon the First and Second
Books of HARMONIA SACRA.

WHEN Sacred Numbers, and Immortal Lays,
Joy'd to Record the Great Almighty's Praise,
Indulgent Heav'n the Poet did inspire
With lofty Song to fill the Tuneful Lyre.

Thus when of Old, from Egypt's fruitful Land
God brought forth Moses by a mighty Hand,
His joyful Tongue with untaught Numbers Row'd,
The unusual Harmony its Author show'd.
The Sea divided as he plis'd along,
Retreating back at his Triumphant Song.
When David's Harp upon his Harp was found,
Heav'n soon Repenting, list'n'd to the Sound.
And struggling Nature chang'd her wonted Course,
Unable to resist his Majesty's Sacred Force.
His Prince's Rage this taught him to Control,
And Tune the Discords of his Troubled Soul.
Not Fabled Orpheus, or Amphion's Verse,
Can such amazing Prodiges rehearse.

We here the Myrtle Art may learn to unfold,
And feel the Wonders which we there are told.
No Cloudy Passions can our Breasts invade,
When Sacred Harmony dispels the Shade.
Here sprightly Numbers raise our heighten'd Zeal,
And Charming Sounds Seraphic Joys reveal.
Each Skillful Hand and Tongue at once conspire
With Strings and Voice to make a Tuneful Choir:
Whilst mighty Joys the Ravish'd Senses wound,
And the Soul labours with off Inspiring Sound.
Whither aloft it Tow'rs to Jann's Flight,
Winged by Devotion to the highest Height,
Or Mourning with the Royal Prophet lies,
And weeps Jerusalem's lost Miseries;
Or loves sweet Sion's beauteous Joys to tell,
Where God himself chiefly delights to dwell,
Such lofty Measures, Notes so sweet, so strong,
Exalt the Numbers, and improve the Song.

Dr. John Blow,
and Mr. Henry
Purcell.

Hail mighty Pat'r! Of Jann's Sacred Art,
The greatest Glory!
Not skillful *Asaph* understood so well,
And *Heman* vainly labour'd to excel.
Where e'er the Gospel's Sacred Page is sung,
Where e'er great David's Tuneful Harp is rung,
Each sacred Verse shall your Just Glories raise,
Each dancing String shall Echo forth your Praise.
The Church as yet could never boast but Two
Of all the Tuneful Race, from *Jann* down to *You*.

H. SACHEVERELL, of Magd. Coll. Oxon.

To his unknown Friend, Mr. Henry Purcell, upon his Excellent Compositions
in the First and Second Books of HARMONIA SACRA.

LONG had dark Ignorance our Isle o'erspread,
Our *Musick* and our *Poetry* lay dead:
But the dull Malice of a Barba'rous Age,
Fell most severe on David's Sacred Page,
To wound his Sense, and quench his Heav'n-born
Three dull Translators' lewdly did conspire.
In holy Dogg'rel, and low-chiming Prose,
The King and Poet they at once Depose.
Vainly he did th' unrighteous Change bemoan,
And languish'd in vile Numbers not his own:
Nor stop'd his Usage here—
For what escap'd in *Wisdom's* ancient Rhimes,
Was murder'd o'er and o'er by the *Composers* *Chimes*.
What Praises, *Purcell*, to thy Skill are due,
Who hast to *Jann's* Monarch been so True:
By thee he moves our Hearts; by thee he Reigns,
By thee shakes off his old, inglorious Chains,
And sees new Honours done to his Immortal

Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,
Did e'er a Juttler, Happier Son impart.
In thy Performance we with Wonder find
Isaiah's Genius to *Orwell's* join'd.
Sweetness combin'd with Majesty, prepares
To raise Devotion with Inspiring Airs.
Thus Unknown thy Gratitude expresses,
And conscious Gratitude could pay no less.
This Tribute from each *British* Muse is due,
Our whole Poetic Tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the Author's scanty Words have fail'd,
Your happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.
And surely none but you with equal Ease
Could ad to David, and make *Duffy* please.

T. B.

To my Worthy Friend Mr. H. P. upon his HARMONIA SACRA.

MUSICK and Verse have been abus'd too long,
Idly to furnish out some *Wanton Song*;
To varnish Vice, to make loose Folly shine,
And gild the vain Delights of Love, or Wine:
Both Heav'nly-born, but both constrained to fall
So far below their great Originals.
The Erring World, not knowing how to trace
Thro' Vile Employments their Celestial Race,
Suppos'd their Birth was, as their Office, base.
Resc'd by you, they have again put on
Those Glorious Rays with which at first they shone,
Assert their Native Honour; and excite
With awful Pleasure, Reverence and Delight;

Here no loud Rant, no wild ungovern'd Strain,
Invokes plump *Reveries*; and his forlorn Train;
Here no fond Couplet kindles am'rous Fires,
No melting Note gives Birth to loose Desires;
Each Air, each Line, which in this Work appear,
Angels may fitly Sing, and Saints may hear.
Go on, my Friend, thy Sacred *Musick* free
From Scandal, and more sacred *Poetry*:
Publish'd by You, with double Grace they shine,
Lovely and Grave, Harmonious and Divine.

By an unknown Hand.

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contain'd in this Second Book.

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Understand Playford's Psalmes in Three Parts. To be used in Churches, or Private Families, for
their greater Advancement of Divine Musick. Price Bound 3 s.

(1)

Harmonia Sacra, &c.

The Second BOOK.

A DIVINE HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, formerly Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Ord, what is Man, lost Man, that thou should'st be so mindful of him!

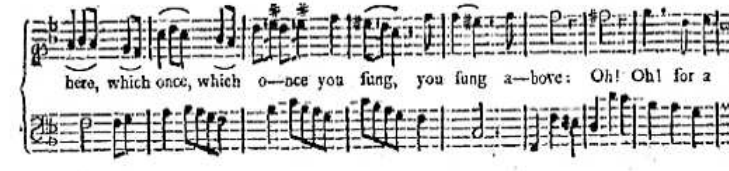
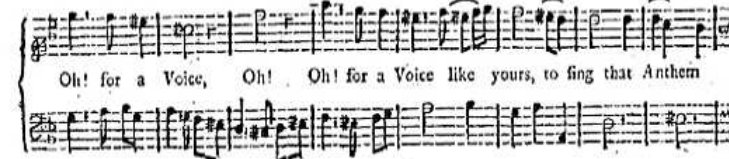
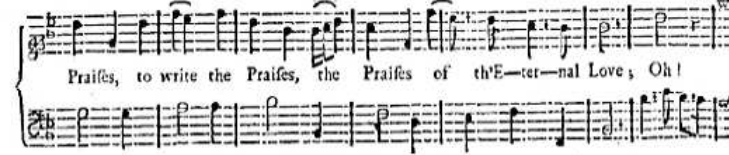
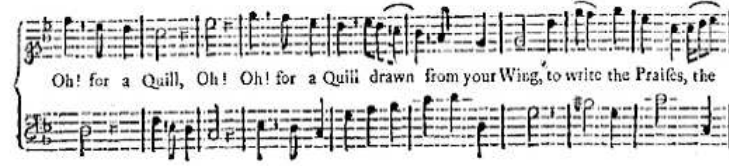
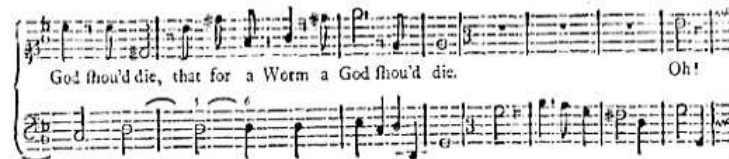
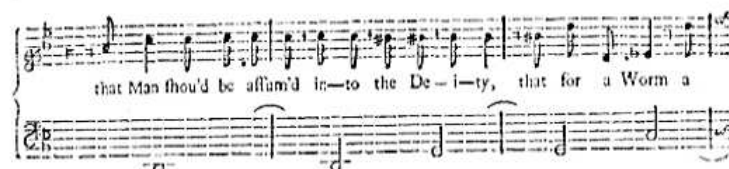
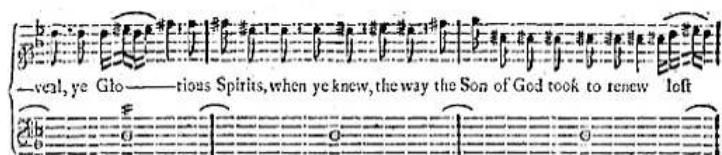
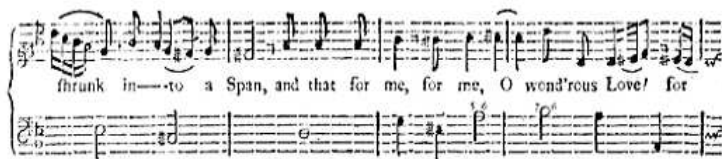
Lord, what is Man, lost Man, that thou should'st be so mind-ful of him!

that the Son of God forsook his Glory, his A-bode, to become a

poor tormented Man! Lord, what is Man, lost, lost Man, that thou should'st

be so mindful of him! that the Son of God for-sook his Glo-ry, his A-

B



Voice like yours, to sing that Anthem here, which once you su—

—ng, you sung a—bove. Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—

—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—

—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—

—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,

Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—

—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,

Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—

—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—

—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—

—le—lu—jah,

Gabriel now, that vi—sit—ed my Cell? I call, I call, I call, I call, I

call Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! he comes not: Where's

Ga—briel now, that vi—sit—ed my Cell? I call, I call, I call Gabriel!

Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! he comes not; flatter'g, flatter'g Hopes, fare—

—wel, fare—wel, fare—wel, flatter'g Hopes, fare—wel. Me Ju—dah's

Daughters on— — — — — ce Caref'd, Call'd me of Mo—thers, the

most, the most, the mo— — — — — st Bless'd, call'd me of

Mothers, the most, the most, the most, the mo— — — — — st Bless'd.

Now fa—tal Change, now, fa—tal Change of Mothers, of Mo—thers most,

most. Di—stress'd, of Mo—thers most, most Di—stress'd.

How, how, how shall my Soul its Mo— — — — — tions guide? How,

how, how shall my Soul its Mo— — — — — tions

Last Great Trump he cries, loud as the Last Great Trump, the La

—st Great Trump he cries, A—wake to E—ver—last—ing

Joys, A—wake to E—ver—last—ing, E—ver—last—ing Joys, to E—ver—last—ing Joys.

Pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant Bliss, Tri—um—phant

Prepare for long Triumphant Bliss, for long Tri—um—phant

Bliss, for long Tri—um—phant Bliss, prepare for long Tri—um—phant

Bliss, pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant

Bliss, pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant Bliss,

Bliss, pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant Bliss,

To Reign with him who chang'd thy Doom, to Reign with him, who was, and



is, who was, and is to come; who was, who was, who was, who was, and



is, who was, and is to come, and is, and is, and is, who was, and

is, and is to come: To Reign with him, who was, and is, and is to



come, who was, who was, who was, and is, and is to come, who was, who was,

come, and is, and is, and is, and is to come, and is, and



who was, and is, and is to come.

is, who was, and is to come.

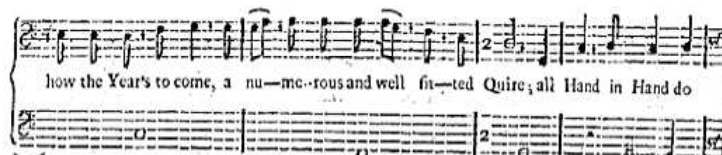
THE RESURRECTION:

Out of Mr. Cowley's Pindaricks.

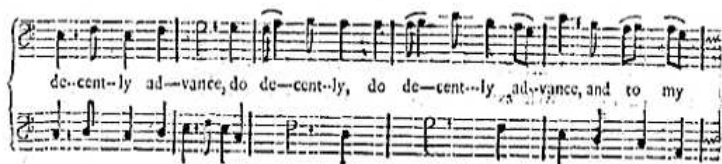
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



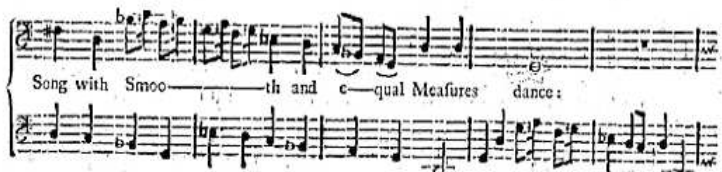
Begin the Song, and Strike the Li—ving Lyre, Lo,



how the Year's to come, a nu—me—rous and well fi—ted Quire; all Hand in Hand do



de—cent—ly ad—vance, do de—cent—ly, do de—cent—ly ad—vance, and to my



Song with Smoo—th and e—qual Measures dance:



Whilst the dance lasts, how lo—ng fo—er it be, my Music's Voice, my

Mu— — — sic's Voice shall hear it com—pa—ny, till

all gen—tle Notes be drown'd, in the Last Trum— — — per's dreadful

Sound; that to the Sphears themselves shall Si—lence bring, un—tune the U—ni—ver—sal

String: Then all the wide extended Sky, and all th'Harmo— — — nious World on

high, and *Virgil's* Sa— — — cred Work shall die: And he himself shall see in one Fi—re

shine, rich Nature's ancient Troy, tho' built by Hands Divine; whom Thu—

—n—der's dismal Noife, and all the

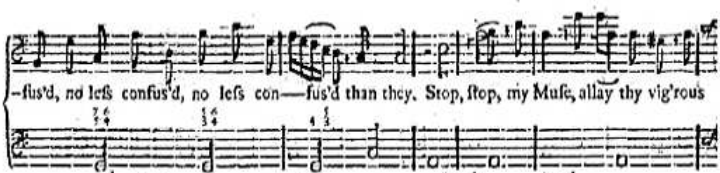
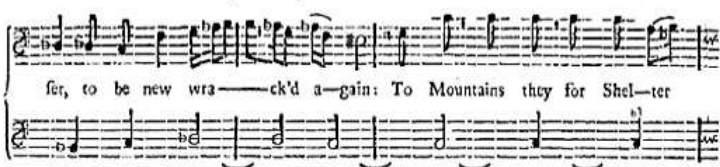
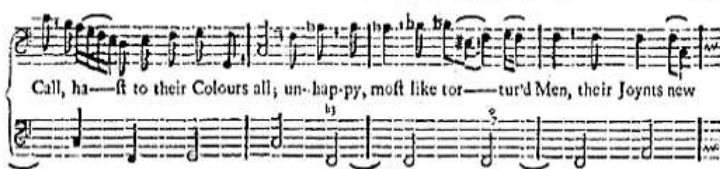
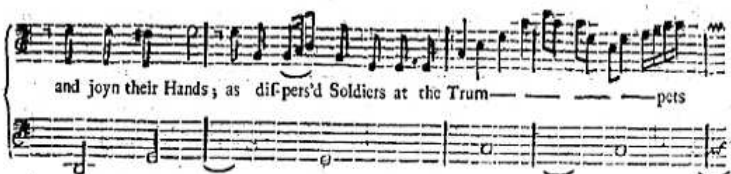
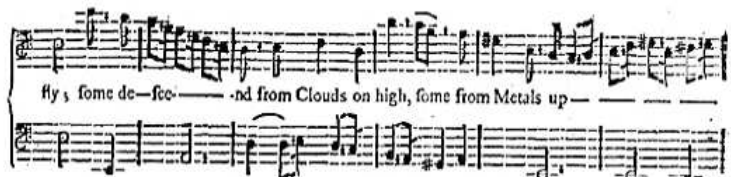
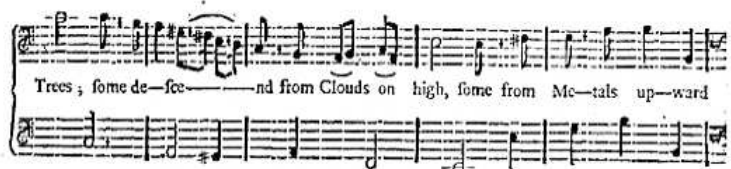
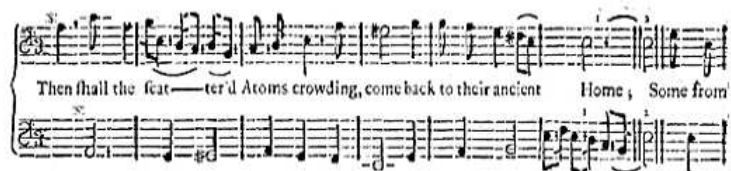
Prophets and A—p—p—les lou— — — — — der spake, and all the

Creatures plain con—spiring Voice cou'd not, whi't they liv'd, awake: This mightier sou—

—nd shall make when Dead to a—rise, and o—pen Tombs,

and open Eyes, to the long Sluggards of Five thousand Years; this mightier Sou— — —

—nd, this mightier Sou— — — — — nd shall make its Hearers Ears.



Ra—ge begin; and this steep Hill wou'd gal—lop up with vi—o—lent

courfe, 'tis an un—ru—ly and hard-mouth'd Horfe; fier—ce, and un—bro—ken

yet, impatient of the Spur, or Bit: now Prances stately, and a—non Hi—

—es o'er the place, disdains the servile Law of any fet—led Pace; conscious and

proud of his own nat'ral Force, 'twill no un—skillful Touch endure, but flings Writer and Reader

too tha—t fits not sure.

O miserable Man! Set to by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

O mi—se—rable Man! how wretch—ed is thy

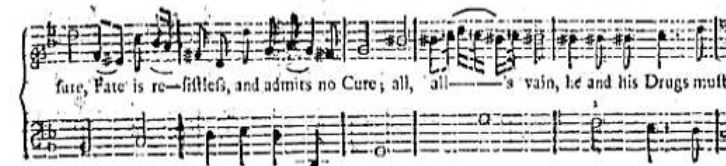
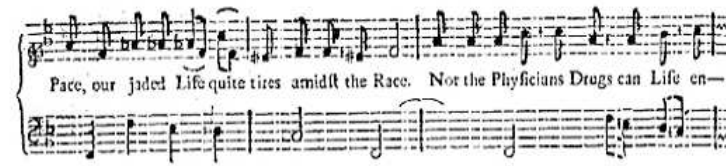
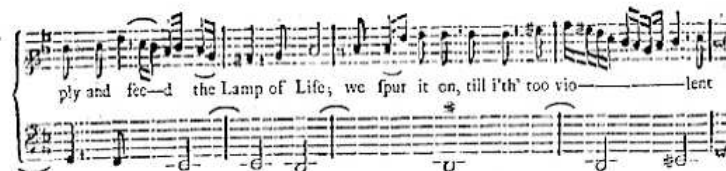
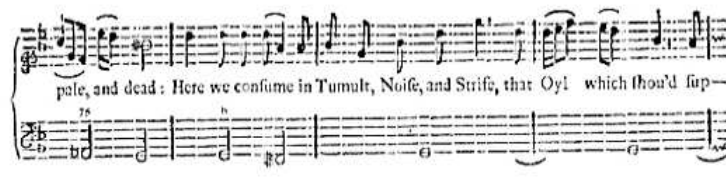
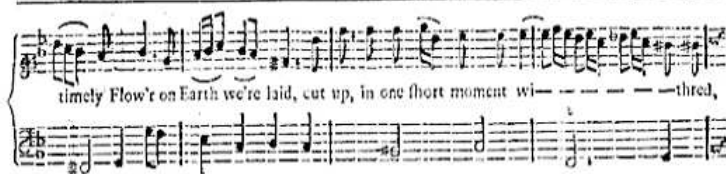
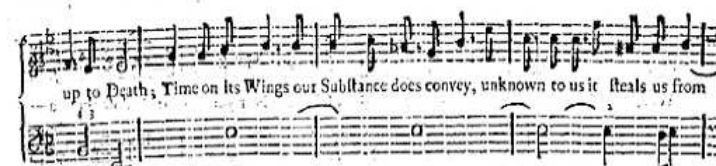
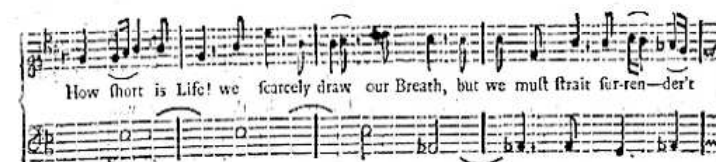
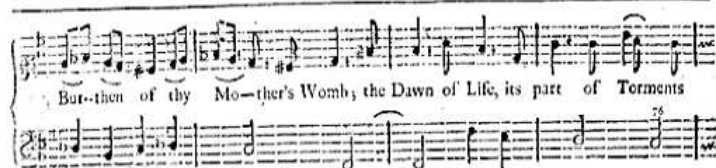
State, born to under—go the Drud—ge—ry of Fate; thine and they

Fathers Sins to feel, and know, and toyl beneath the migh—ty weight of

Woe, the migh—ty weight of Woe? Nor yet, a—liss! dost thou a—

lone, beneath the bit—ter Anguish Groan, but ev'n to others too thou Mis'ries dost create. With

Pangs and Throws thou in—to the Wor—ld dost come, the hea—vy Curse, and



1. O, O whither then for Succour shall we flee! O, O whither, dear—est God, O

wither, but to thee! One gracious Look from thee can give us Ease, and

make the A—go-nies of Death it self to please; thy Wounds can make us

whole, thy Blood wash off our Stains, and pu—r—sue our Souls, loaded with all our

Sins: Press'd down we fall, while Hell its black Jaws stretch—es to d—

your us all, stretch—es to devour us all. CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, help, we sink—

O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, we sink—

—ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,

—ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,

Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, O help, help, help, help,

Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, or we're lost, or we're lost,

Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, or we're lost, or we're lost,



help, we're lo — — — — — st to a — — — — — ll E — ter — ni — ty!

or we're lost, we're lost to a — — — — — ll E — ter — ni — ty.

or we're lost, we're lo — — — — — st to all E — ter — ni — ty.

AN EVENING HYMN.



THE Night is come, the Night is come, the Night is co — — — — —

— me, like to the Day, de — part not thou, de — part not

thou, Grea — t God, a — way, on thee, O Lord, I do Re — pose, pro —



— test me, pro — test me fro — — — — — m my Watchful Foes: So — — — — —

I fe — cure — ly lay, and sweet — — — — — ly, sweet — — — — —

— ly pass the Hours away, and sweet — — — — — ly pass the Hours away,

CHORUS. *A. 2. Voc.*


In heavenly Dreams my Soul — — — — — I advance, O make, O make my Sleep a Ho — ly Trance.

In heavenly Dreams my Soul advance, O make my Sleep a Ho — ly Trance.

Sleep is a Death, O let me try, by Slee — — — — — ping, how it is to Die.

Sleep is a Death, O let me try, by Slee — — — — — ping, how it is to Die.

A

PENITENTIAL HYMN

Set by Doctor John Blow.

O mighty God, O mighty God, who sit'st on High, encircled
 round, with Ma-je-
 sty; Be-hold thy Pro-
 strate Penitent, and teach me, teach me right-ly to La-

ment my fe-creet Sins, my fe-creet Sins, and youthful Fires,
 pol-lu-red Thoughts; pol-lu-red Thoughts, and fond, fond,
 fond De-fires. O let me, let me ne-ver, ne-ver close my
 Eye, but still, O still, but still, O still new Floo-
 ds, new Floods sup-ply, pro-voke my Sight, my Griefs en-crease, till all, all,
 all thy dread-ed Veng'ance cease; till all, all, till all thy dreaded

Ven—g'ance cease, My Heart, which Har— — — — —bours

Gro—fer Fires, Dis—solve, O migh—ty, Dissolve, O migh—ty God, in Tears.

Thus when of Old, when of Old, thus when of Old, the Subborn Rock, felt

thy Prophets pow'r — — — — —ful, pow'r — — — — —ful,

pow'rful Stroke, the Rock began, be—gan to melt, to melt, the Rock be—gan to

melt, to melt, the Stone pour — — — — —d its

stream — — — ing Moi — — — sture down: The Flint, where Fire was

lodg'd, till now, where Fire was lodg'd, lodg'd, till now, did

all, all, all — — — — —, all, all, dis—solv'd in Wa—ters,

flow, did all, all, all, all, dis—solv' — — — — —d in

Waters, dis—solv' — — — — —d in Waters, flow.

An EVENING HYMN.

*The Words by Bishop Ken.**Sett by Mr. Jeremiah Clarke.*

1. Praise to thee my God this Night, for all the Blessings of the

Light, keep me, Oh keep me, King of Kings, un—der thy own Al-migh—ty Wings: Forgive me,

Lord, for—give me, for thy dear Son, the Ill that I this day have done,

that with the World, my self, and thee, I, e're I sleep, at Peace may be; Teach me to live, that

I may dread the Grave as lit—tle as my Bed; teach me to die, teach me to

die, so that I may Triumphant Ri—

—se at the Last Day; teach me to Die, teach me to

Die, so that I may Triumphant Ri—

—se at the Last Day. Oh may my

[Grand.]

Soul on thee re—pose, re—pose, and with sweet Sleep, sweet Sleep, mine

Eye—lids close; Sleep that may me more vig'rous, more vig'rous make, to

praise my God when I a—wake, —wake. When in the Night I

sleepless lie, my Soul with Heav'nly Thoughts sup—ply; let no ill Dreams di—sturb my

Rest, no Pow'rs of Dark—ness me—left, no Pow'rs of Darkness

me mo—left, —left. My dearest Lord, how, how am I

griev'd, to lye so long of thee bereav'd! Dull Sleep of Sence, me to deprive, I am but half, but

half my Days a—live! But tho' Sleep o'er my Weakness reigns, let it not hold me long in

Chains, but now and then let loose my Heart, now and then let loose my Heart, till it an

Hal—le—lu—jah dart; the fast—er Sleep the Sence does bind, the more un—fet—ter'd is the

Mind. Oh may ma Soul from Mat—ters free, the unvail'd Goodness

wa—king see, see. Oh! Oh! Oh when shall I in end—less Day, for e—ver chase dark

Sleep a—way, —way: And endless Praise with Heav'nly Choir, in—ces—sant sing, and never

tire, you my best Guardians, whilst I sleep, close to my Bed your Virgils keep, and in my

stand all the Night long, sing to my God a grateful Song, sing, sing, sing to my
God a grateful Song.

CHORDS. A. 3. Vol.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow; praise him all Creatures here below; praise him a—

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow; praise him all Creatures here below; praise him a—

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow; praise him all Creatures here below; praise him a—

—bove the An-gelick Hoff, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise
—bove the An-gelick Hoff, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise,
—bove the An-gelick Hoff, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise,
* * * * *

S. sf.
praise the Holy Ghost, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: praise the
Soft.
praise the Holy Ghost, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: praise the
praise the Holy Ghost, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: praise the
Soft.

Loud

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Piano. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Loud'. The lyrics are 'Father, praise the Son, praise the Holy Ghost: Amen.' The piano part includes various musical notations such as chords, single notes, and rests, with some notes marked with fingerings (e.g., 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: Amen.

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: Amen.

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: Amen.

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: Amen.

*A Paraphrase on the 28th. Chapter of the first Book of Samuel, from Verse 8, to Verse 20.
Sett to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

The image shows a page from a musical score for the song "The Nightingale". It features a piano introduction and a vocal melody. The lyrics are: "N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—". The score is written in G major and 4/4 time. The piano part is in the left hand, and the vocal part is in the right hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

PIANO.

INTRODUCTION.

Voice.

N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—

PIANO.

N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—

L

gail—ty Night, and hid in fal—se dis—guise, forsaken Saul,
—se, and hid in fal—se dis—guise, for—sa—ken Saul, forsaken Saul,
—se, disguise, and hid in false dis—gui—se, forsaken

for—saken Saul, for—sa—ken Saul, forsaken Saul, to En—dor comes, and cries, forsaken
for—saken Saul, forsaken Saul, to En—dor comes, and cri—
Saul, for—sa—ken Saul, to En—dor comes, and cries;

Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul to En—dor comes, and cries:
—cs, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul to En—dor comes, and cries:
for—saken Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul to En—dor comes, and cries:

Saul.

Woman, a—rise, a—rise, call, call pow'r— — — — —ful Arts to—
—gether, and rai—se, and rai—se the Ghost, whom I shall name, up hither.

Witch.

Why, why, why should'st thou wish me dye? Forbear, forbear, for—bea—r, my Son,
dost thou not know, dost thou not know what cru—el Saul has done? Forbear, for—

—bear, for—bea—r, my Son, dost thou not know what cru—el Saul has done?

How he has kill'd, has kill'd and murder'd all, all, all tha— — — — —t were

Saul.

Wife, and could, and could on Spirits call? Woman, be bo—ld, be bo—ld, do but the

thing I wish, no harm, no, no, no, no, no harm from *Saul* shall come to thee for this.

With. *Saul.*

Whom shall I raise, or call? I'll make him hear. Old *Samuel*, let on-ly him ap—

With. *Saul.*

—pear. A—lafs! A—lafs! What,

With. *Saul.*

what dost thou fear? A—lafs! A—lafs! What,

With.

what dost thou fear? Nought else but thee, for thou art *Saul*, for thou art

Saul.

Saul, a—lafs! thou art *Saul*, and hast beguiled me. Peace, peace, and go on, what

With.

feest thou, let me know? I fee the Gods a—scen—ding

Saul. *With.* *Saul.*

from be-low. Who's he that comes? An old Man mantled o'er. Oh! that is

Samuel.

he, Oh! that is he, let me, let me, let me that Ghost adore. Why, why hast thou

robb'd me of my Rest, to see, to see that which I hate? Why, why hast thou robb'd me of my

Rest, to see that which I hate, to see that which I hate, this wicked World,

Recit.
this wicked World, and thee? Oh! Oh! I'm fore distress'd, vex-ed

fore, God has left me, Oh! — God has left me, and answers me no more;

distress'd with War, with inward Ter- — — — rors too, for pi-ty's sake, Oh! for

pi-ty's sake, tell me, Oh! tell me, Oh! for pi-ty's sake, tell me, tell me,

Sarcel.
tell me, what shall I do? Art thou for-lost of God, and com'lt to me? What

Recit.
I tell thee then, but Mi-fo-ry? Thy Kingdom's gone in-to thy Neighbours

Race, thine Host shall fall by Sword before thy Face. What can I tell thee then, but Mi-fo-ry?

To morrow, to morrow then, till then farewell, fare-wel, and Breath, thou and thy

Son to morrow, to morrow, thou and thy Son shall be — with me beneath.

C H O R U S.
[*Viv. fast.*]

Farewel, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell.

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! farewell.

Farewel, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell.

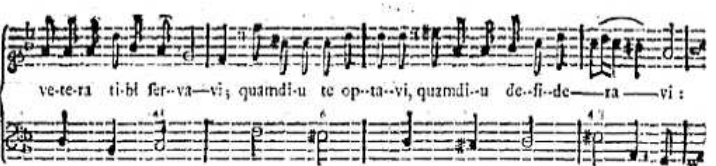
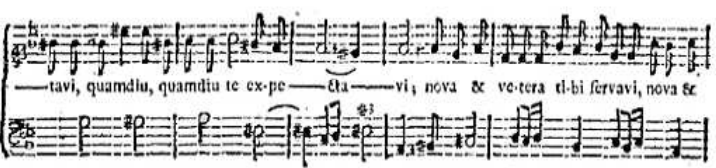
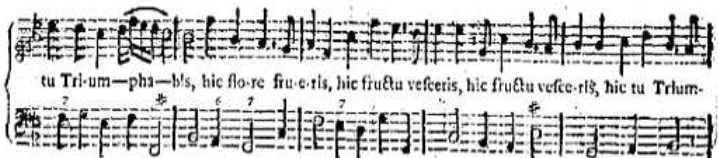
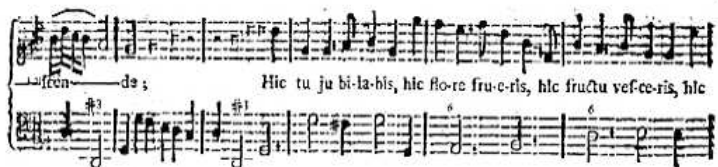
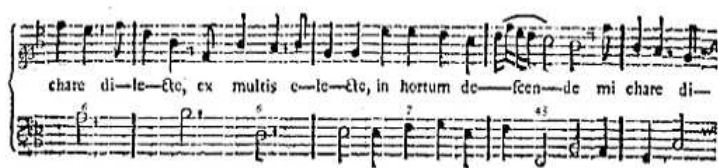
Signior Gratiani.



V E-lut Palma, ve-lut Ro-sa, ve-lut a—ci-es Costrorum,
 ve-lut hortus di-ves florum, pulchra sum & glo—ri-fi, ve-lut
 hortus di-ves florum, pulchra sum & glo—ri-fi.
 In me lau-des & ho—no—res, in me vi-get for-ti—tu-do, in me flo—
 —ret pul-chri—tu-do, in me ju—bi-lant, ju-bi-lant a-mo-res, in me
 florum pul-chri—tu-do, in me ju—bi-lant, ju-bi-lant a-mo-res.



Sur—ge, Surge, veni, veni di-le-cte mi; surge, surge, veni,
 veni, veni, veni di-le-cte mi; veni, veni di-le-cte mi, af-fi-mu-la-re Ca-prex, hi-nu—
 lo—que Cervorum; veni, veni dilecte mi, veni, veni dilecto
 mi, af-fi-mu-la-re Caprex, af-fi-mu-la-re Caprex, hinu—lo—
 —que, hi-nu—lo—que Cervorum, & super
 pennas Ventorum, am-bu-la, gra-de-re, pro-pe-ra, vo—



ve—ni. Et super pennas ventorum, am—bu—la, gra—de-re, pro-pe—

ra, vo—li—ta di—

le—te mi, & su-per pennas Ventorum, am—bu—la, gra—de-re, pro-pe—

ra, vo—li—ta di—le—te mi, vo—

li—ta di—le—te mi, vo—

li—ta di—le—te mi.

Sett by *Signior* Giacomo Carissime.

LU-ci-fer, Cae-le-stis o-lim Hierarchia Princeps pre-cla—

rif-fi-mus, su-per-be ni-mi-um, fa-tu-e e-la-tus, aequalem De-o his se jac—

ta — bat vo-ci-bus. O me fe—

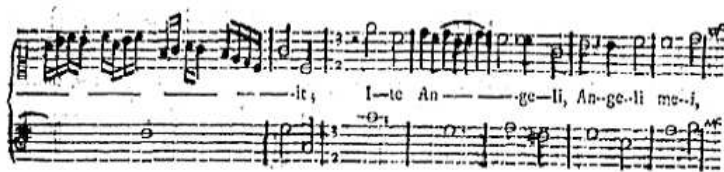
li-cem, O me be-a-tum, Cae-le-sti Glo-ri-a de-co—

ra — tum.

In Caelum con—

scendam, & su-per Altra De-i ex-al-ta

O



verni, ad flam—mas, ad flam—mas dam-na-te, dam-na-te, su-per-bos, lu-

per-bos ad flam—mas, ad flam—mas A-ver-ni.

Tar-ta-re-i vadant ad li-mi-na fun-di, & fly-gi-i cadant in I-ma pro-

fun-di, his ad-di-te pœ-nas, in in-fe-ri por-tis pi-ra-te ca-

te-nas, & vin-cu-la mortis, mœ-ren-tes, do-len-tes, in Ig-ne lo-ca-te,

Alleg.
in Ig-ne lo-ca-te.

An Hymn upon the Last Day. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Words by Nat. Tate Esq;

—Wake, a—wake, a—wake, ye

—Wake, awake, awake ye Dead, the Trum—

Dead, the Trum—pet calls, the Trum—

—pet calls; Awake, a—wake, a—wake ye

—pet calls; A—wake, a—wake, a—wake ye Dead, the Trum—

Dead, the Trum—pet calls, the Trum—pet calls,

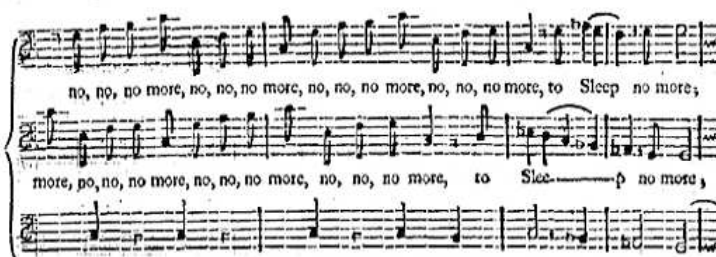
—pet calls; A—wake, a—wake, a—

the Trum—pet calls; A—wake, a—

P



wake, awake, awake, awake, a—wake, to Sleep, to Sleep, to Sleep no more,
wake, awake, awake, awake, awake, to Sleep, to Sleep, to Sleep no more, no, no, no



no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, to Sleep no more,
more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, to Sleep no more,



Hark! hark! from a—loft, from a—loft, a—loft, the fro—zen Re—gion;
Hark! hark! from aloft, from aloft, the fro—zen Re—gion



falls, with Noise so lou—d, it deafs the Ocean's
Bills with noise so lou—d, it deafs the Ocean's



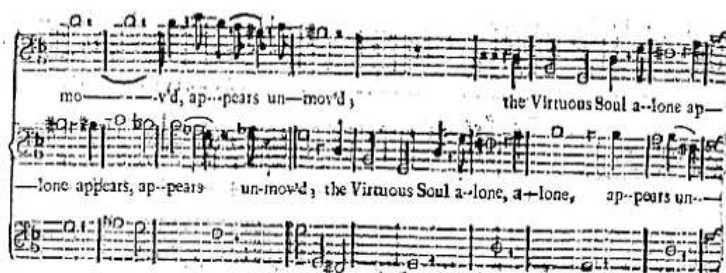
roar: A—larm'd, A—larm'd, A—larm'd, A—
roar: A—maz'd, A—maz'd, A—larm'd, A—



—maz'd, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—
—maz'd, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—



—ring Orbs come down. The Virtuous Soul a—lone ap—pears un—
—ring Orbs come down. The Virtuous Soul a—



mo—v'd, ap—pears un—mov'd, the Virtuous Soul a—lone ap—
—lone appears, ap—pears un—mov'd, the Virtuous Soul a—lone, a—lone, ap—pears un—

—pears un—mov'd, ap—pears unmov'd, while Earth's Foundations sha—
 —mo—v'd, ap—pears unmov'd, while Earth's Foundations sha—
 —ke, while Earth's Foundations sha— — — — — ke, while Earth's Foundations shake, af—
 —ke, while Earth's Foundations sha— — — — — ke, while Earth's Foundations shake,
 —cends, af—cends, ascends, and mocks the Universal Wreck, af—cen— — — ds, and
 af—cends, af—cends, and mocks the Universal Wreck, af—cends, and
 mocks the U— — — — — ni-ver-sal Wreck.
 mocks the U— — — — — ni-ver-sal Wreck.

A Divine Song on the Passion of our SAVIOUR.

MY op'ning Eyes are purg'd, and lo! a dismal Scene of migh—ty
 Woe! a dif—mal Scene of migh—ty Woe! What is't I see? Mankind's Re—
 demer fire— — — — — tch'd up—on the Curfed Tree, up—on the Curfed Tree,
 with ghastly Wounds his Bo—dy torn, his Limbs with ruder Scour—ges worn, no room for
 Doubt, A—las! A—last 'tis He! See, my Soul, the Purple Pride, that a—
 —orns his Thorny Crown; see, see the Streams that halt to meet a—no—ther head—long bloody

Tide, from his Hands, and from his Side, to his no less wounded Feet, trickling down, trickling

down; See, see the Streams trick-ling down, trick-ling

down; see, see the Streams, see the Streams trickling down. Look how the meriting Drops gush

out from their wide Wound; Myſterious Drops of mighty Price, Myſterious Drops of mighty

Price, Myſterious Drops of mighty Price, each, each an offending World's ſufficient Sa-cra-ſice,

Like common Gore they ſtain the bluſhing Earth a-round, from all his empti'd Veins they

flow, from all his empti'd Veins they flow from all his empti'd Veins they

flow: Profuſe, and Pro-di-gal, as worthleſs Streams; Ah ſee 'em how they fall!

Ah ſee 'em how they fall! ah ſee 'em how they fall! Profuſe, and

Pro-di-gal, as worthleſs Streams; Ah ſee 'em how they fall! Ah ſee 'em how they

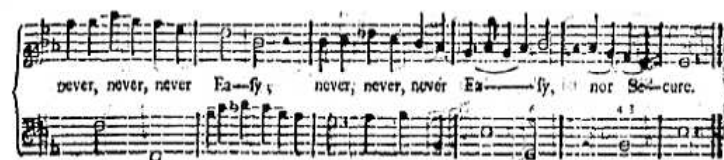
fa-ll! Ah ſee 'em, ſee 'em how they fa-ll! Ah ſee 'em how they fall.

A Divine HYMN, Set by Mr. Jer. Clark.

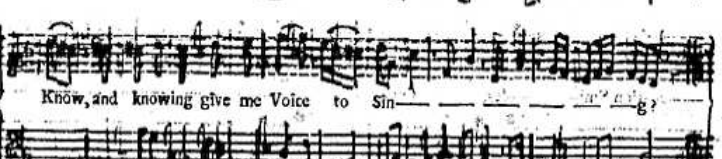
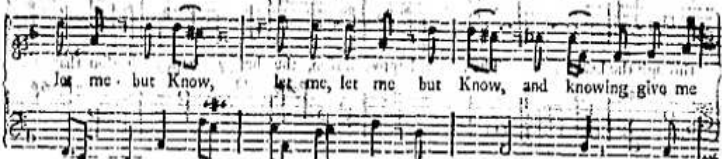
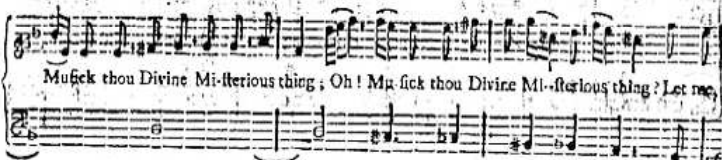
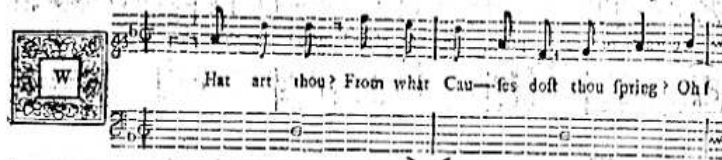
Very slow.

Blest be those sweet
Regions where E—ter—nal Peace, E—ter—nal
Peace and Mu—sick, Mu—sick, Mu—sick
are; Blest be those, Blest, Blest be those sweet
Regions where E—ter—nal Peace and Mu—sick
are;

that so—lid, so—lid calm, and that bright day, where brighter An—gels Sing and
Pray, that so—lid Calm, and that bright Day, where high—ter An—gels
Sing and Pray, where high—ter An—gels Sing and Pray.
Slow, shadowy, gloomy, and We are Rapt—red World en—
dure, never En—fy, xi ni never
ch—ly nor fe—cure, xi ni never En—fy, xi ni never



A HYMN on Divine MUSIC. Set by Mr. William Crofts.



Art thou the warmth in Spring? Art thou the

warmth in Spring, that Zephyre breaths? Art thou the warmth in

Spring, that Zephyre breaths, Paint-ing the Meadows, and whist-ling

through the Leaves. The happy, happy, Season, the happy, happy Season that all

grieve ex-iles, when God is pleas'd and the Cre-

ation Smi-les, smile of Love and Joy, how would

lets the Cre-a-tion smiles? Or art thou Love, that mind to mind im—

parts, the end—less concord, the end—less concord of a—greeting Hearts?

Or art thou Friendship, yet a no—

bler Flame? Or art thou Friendship, yet a no—

bler Flame, that can a dearer, a dearer way, can a dearer way make

Souls the same? Or art thou rather which do all transcend, the Centre which at



last the Blest af-cend, the Blest af-cend, the Blest af-cend,

the Seat where Ha-le-lu-jah's, Ha-le-lu-jah's,

Ha-le-lu-jah's ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, never,

ne-ver end, Ha-le-lu-jah's ne-ver, ne-ver end, Cor-

po-real Eyes won't let us clearly see, won't let us clearly see, but

si-ther thou art Heav'n, or Heav'n is there.

An ANTHEM, Set by Mr. William Croft. Psal. 89. v. 16, 17, 18, 19.



Blessed, Bles-sed is the People, O Lord; Blessed, Bles-

Blessed, Bles-sed is the People, O Lord; Blessed, Bles-

Blessed, Bles-sed is the People, O Lord; Blessed,

Blessed is the People, O Lord; that can re-joy-

Blessed is the People, O Lord; that can re-joy-cc, in thee, re-

Blessed is the People, O Lord; that can re-joy-cc, rejoyne, re-

cc, re-joy-cc in thee, Blessed, Bles-sed is the People, O

joy-cc, re-joy-cc in thee, Blessed, Bles-sed is the People, O

joy-cc, re-joy-cc in thee, Blessed, Bles-sed is the People, O

Lord, that can re-joyce, that can re-joy — — — — — ce in thee,

Lord, that can re-joyce, that can re-joyce, re-joyce in thee, they shall

Lord, that can re-joyce, that can re-joy — — — — — ce, re-joy — — — — — ce in thee,

thy shall walk in the light of thy countenance, in the light of thy

walk in the light of thy countenance, in the light of thy countenance, in the light.

they shall walk in the light of thy

countenance, they shall walk in the light, in the light of thy

they shall walk in the light, the light of thy countenance, they shall walk in the light of thy

countenance, they shall walk in the light, shall walk in the light of thy countenance,

countenance, in the light, in the light, in the light, they shall

countenance, in the light, in the light, in the light, they shall walk in the

they shall walk in the light, they shall walk in the light, they shall walk in the light, they shall walk in the

RITTO.

walk in the light of thy coun-tenance.

light in the light of thy coun-te-nance.

light, in the light of thy coun-te-nance.

SOLO.

T

SOLO. Their delight shall be dai—ly, be

dai—ly, be dai—ly, be dai—ly in thy Name:

Their de—light shall be dai—ly, be dai—ly, be dai—ly, be dai—ly in thy

Name, and in thy righ—teous—ness, shall they make their boast.

Their delight shall be dai—ly, be dai—ly, be dai—ly, be

dai—ly in thy Name, and in thy Righ—teousness shall they make their boast,

and in thy Righ—teous—ness, and in thy

Righ—teous—ness, shall they make their

boast, and in thy Righ—teousness, shall they make their boast, in thy

Righ—teousness, shall they make their boast, in thy Righ—teous—ness,

In thy Righ—teousness, shall they make their

boast.

SOLO for a BASS.

BASS Loud Organ.

Soft. For thou art the glo-ry, the glo-ry, the

glo-ry of their strength: *Loud Organ.*

For thou art the glory, the

Soft.

glo-ry, the glo-ry of their strength: And in thy

loving, loving kindness, in thy lo-ving kindness, thou shalt lift up,

— lift up our horns; for thou art the glo-ry, the glo-ry, the

glo-ry, the glory of their strength; and in thy lo-ving

kindness, and in thy lo-ving kindness, thou shalt lift up, lift

Loud. *Soft.* *Loud.* *Soft.* *Loud.* up, lift

up, lift up our horns; thou shalt lift up, lift

up our horns.

Soft.

Loud Organ.

Slow.

For the Lord is our defence: *Faster.*

For the Lord is our defence: the ho—ly one of If—rael, the ho—ly one of If—rael

For the Lord is our defence:

Slow. *Faster.*

For the Lord is our defence, the ho—ly one of If—rael, the ho—ly one of

Faster.

is our king, for the Lord is our defence, the ho—ly one of If—rael, the

Faster.

For the Lord is our defence, the ho—ly one of If—rael, the

Slow. *Faster.*

If—rael, the ho—ly one of If—rael is our king. For the Lord is our defence: The

ho—ly one of If—rael, of If—rael is our king, for the Lord is our defence: The

ho—ly one of If—rael, of If—rael is our king, for the Lord is our defence:

ho—ly one of If—rael, the ho—ly one of If—rael, the ho—ly one of If—rael, of

ho—ly one of If—rael, of If—rael, the ho—ly one of

the ho—ly one of If—rael, the ho—ly one of

If—rael is our king, of If—rael, the ho—ly one of

If—rael is our king, the ho—ly one of If—rael, the ho—ly one of If—rael, the

If—rael is our king, of If—rael, the ho—ly one of If—rael, the

If—rael, the ho—ly one of If—rael is our king.

ho—ly one, the ho—ly one of If—rael, of If—rael, is our king.

ho—ly one, the ho—ly one of If—rael, of If—rael is our king.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hallelujah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hallelujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hallelujah,

sff.
Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lujah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lujah,

Halle-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lujah, Halle-lu-jah.

CHORUS.

dim.

For the Lord is our defence: The ho-ly one of

For the Lord is our defence: The ho-ly one of If-ra-el, is our

For the Lord is our defence: The holy one of If-ra-el, the holy one of If-ra-el is our

For the Lord is our defence:

If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the holy one of If-ra-el

king, the holy one of If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one, the holy one of If-ra-el

king, the holy one of If-ra-el, of If-ra-el

The holy one of If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el

is our king, for the Lord is our defence:

is our king, for the Lord, the Lord is our defence, the holy one of If-ra-el is—

is our king, for the Lord, the Lord is our defence, the holy one of If-ra-el

is our king, for the Lord, the Lord is our defence;

The ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our king, is our king, the ho-ly one of

— our king, the holy one of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our

is our king, the holy one of If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one of

the holy one of If-ra-el is our king, of If-ra-el is our king;

If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one of If-rael, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the ho-king, is our king, the ho-ly one of If-rael, of If-ra-el, the If-rael is our king, the ho-ly one, the holy one of If-rael, the the ho-ly one of If-rael is our king, our king, the holy one of

ly one of If-rael is our king.
ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our king.
ho-ly one of If-rael is our king.
If-ra-el, of If-rael is our king.

An ANTHEM Set by Dr. Blow. Rev. 7. v. 9.

RITOR.

Beheld and lo, and lo a great multitude,
I beheld and lo, and
I beheld and lo a great multitude,
I beheld and

which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and
lo a great multitude, which no man could number,
which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and
lo a great multitude, which no man could number,

people, who stood be—fore the Throne, clothed with
of all nations, and kindreds, and people,
people, who stood before the Throne, clothed with
of all nations, and kindreds, and people,

white robes, and palms were in their hand— Cho.
clothed with white robes, and palms were in their hands. Cho.
white robes, and palms were in their hands. Cho.
clothed with white robes, and palms were in their hands. Cho.

CHORUS.

VERS. CHO. VERSE.
CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul—titude, which no man could number,
VERS. CHO. VERSE.
CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul—titude, which no man could number,
VERS. CHO. VERSE.
CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul—titude, which no man could number,
VERS. CHO. VERSE.
CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul—titude, and lo a great mul—titude, which
VERS. CHO. VERSE.
CHO. I beheld and lo a great multitude, and lo a great mul—titude, which
VERS. CHO. VERSE.
CHO. And lo a great multitude, which no man could number, with
VERS. CHO. VERSE.
CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul—titude, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, with
VERS. CHO.

C H O. Vers.
 of all nations, and kindreds, and people,
 C H O. Vers.
 of all nations, and kindreds, and people,
 C H O. Vers.
 of all nations, and kindreds, and people,
 C H O. Vers.
 no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people, who stood before the throne,
 C H O. Vers.
 no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, who stood before the throne,
 C H O. Vers.
 no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, who stood before the throne,
 C H O. Vers.
 no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, who stood before the throne,

C H O. Vers.
 cloth—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands,
 C H O. Vers.
 cloth—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands,
 C H O. Vers.
 cloth—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands,
 C H O. Vers.
 cloth—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands,
 C H O. Vers.
 cloth—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands,
 C H O. Vers.
 cloth—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands, with white robes, & palms were in their hands, and they

Halle-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Halle-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Halle-lujah, Hal-le-lujah,
cry'd, they cry'd with a loud voice, say-ing Hallelujah,

say-ing, halle-lu-jah, saying halle-lu-jah, say-ing, halle-lujah, halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah,
say-ing, halle-lujah, say-ing halle-lu-jah, say-ing, halle-lujah, halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah,
say-ing, halle-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, saying, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,
Sal-

—jah.
Sal-vation to our
—jah.
—jah.
Sal-
—vation to our God, which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, and unto the Lamb,

God, to our God, which sitteth on the Throne, fil-vation to our
and un-to the Lamb, unto the Lamb,
—vation to our God, which sitteth on the Throne,
and unto the Lamb, which sitteth on the Thro-

God, to our God which sitteth on the Throne, and un-to the Lamb, and unto the Lamb, which
salvation to our God, which sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb,
sitteth on the Throne, which sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb,
ne; salvation to our

sitteth on the Throne, on the Throne, and unto the Lamb, and unto the Lamb.
and unto the Lamb, and unto the Lamb.
and unto the Lamb, and unto the Lamb.
God, which sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb.

S. O. L. O.
And I heard a voice saying, I heard a voice saying, what are these, what are
these, that are ar-ray-ed in white robes, and whence came they, and whence came
they, what are these, what are these, that are array'd with white robes, and whence came they,
and whence came they, and whence came they, and whence came they?
These are they which came out of great tri-bu-lation, which came out of great
tri-bu-la-tion, and have washed their robes, have wash-ed their

Robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; have washed their

Robes, and made them white in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the

Lamb, in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

SOLO Bass.

Therefore are they, are they before the throne of God, and serve him

day and night in his Temple, and serve him day and night,

serve him day and night, and night in his Temple.

And all the Angels, who stood round the throne, who

stood round the throne, round the throne, and the Elders with the four

Beasts fell down, down, down, fell down, down, fell down be-fore the

Fell down, down, be-fore the throne, fell down, down, down be-fore the

Fell down, fell down before the throne, fell down, down, down be-fore the

throne, Fell down, down, down, before the throne, fell down, down, down before the

Throne, and wor-ship-ed God.

Throne, and wor-ship-ed God.

and wor-ship-ed God.

throne, and wor-ship-ed God, and wor-ship-ed God, say—ing,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-

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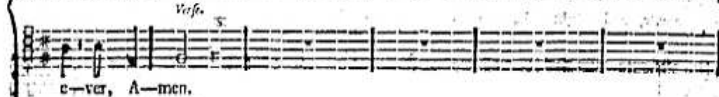
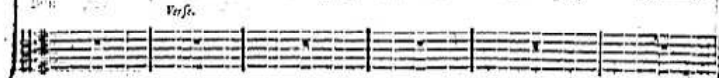
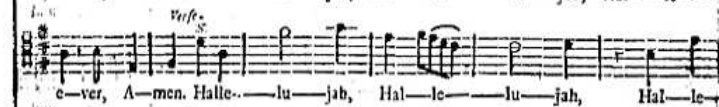
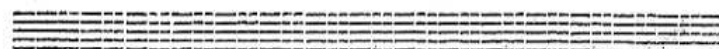
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Vrse. *Chs.*
 pow'r, for e-ver, and e-ver A—
Vrse. *Chs.*
 pow'r, for e-ver, and e-ver A—
Vrse. *Chs.*
 pow'r, for e-ver, and e-ver A—
Vrse. *Chs.*
 pow'r, and might, be un—to our God;
Vrse. *Chs.*
 pow'r, and might, be un—to our God;
Vrse. *Chs.*
 pow'r, and might, be un—to our God;
Vrse. *Chs.*
 pow'r, and might, be un—to our God; for e-ver, and e-ver A—

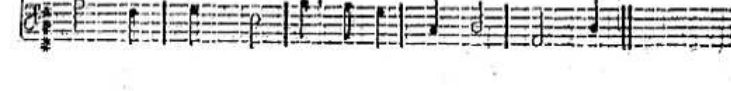
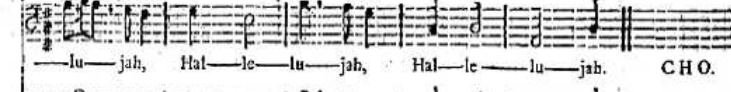
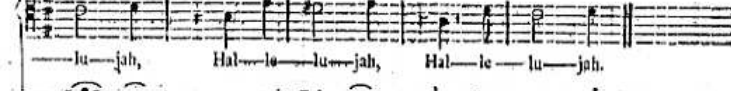
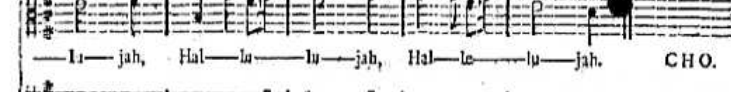
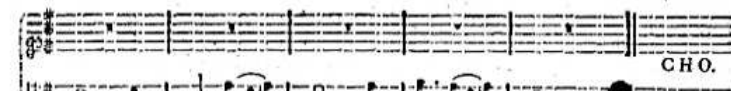
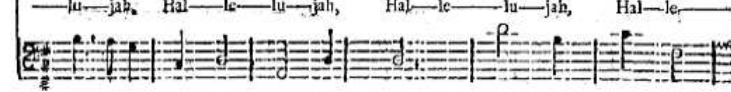
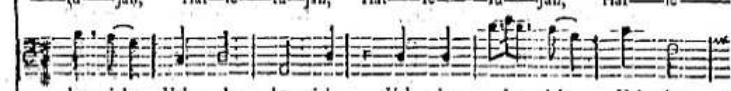
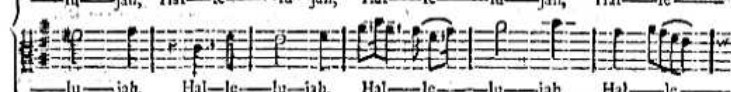
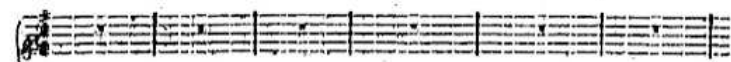
men, las, men, men, blessing, and glo-ry, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and blessing, and glo-ry, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and blessing, and glo-ry, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and men

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for ever, and ever, and for ever, and e-ver, and for ever, and ever, and pow'r, and might be unto our God. pow'r, and might be unto our God, for e-ver, and e-ver, and pow'r, and might be un-to our God, for e-ver, and e-ver, and for e-ver, and ever, and



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Small text at the bottom of the page, likely a printer's mark or a small notice.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

An ANTHEM Set by Mr. Jer. Clark. Psal. 18. v. 1, &c.

will love thee, O Lord, my strength, will love thee O
 I will love thee, O Lord, my strength, will
 Lord, will love thee, will love thee, O Lord, my strength, the
 love thee, O Lord, will love thee, O Lord, my strength,
 Lord is my strong rock, and my defence, my favour, my
 the Lord is my strong rock, and my defence, my
 God, my God and my might, in whom I will trust,
 favour, my God and my might, in whom I will trust, my

the horn al-fo of my sal-va-tion, my buckler, the horn al-fo of my sal-
buckler, the horn al-fo of my sal-va-tion, the horn al-fo of my sal-

—va-tion, and my refuge.
—va-tion, and my refuge.

SOLO.

I will call up-on the Lord, I will

call up-on the Lord, which is worthy, which is worthy, wor-

thy to be prais'd, so shall I be safe, be safe from mine e-ne-mies,

so shall I be safe, so shall I be safe, be safe from mine e-ne-mies.

SOLO, For a Bass.

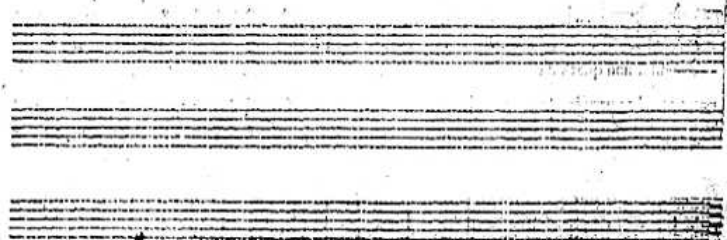
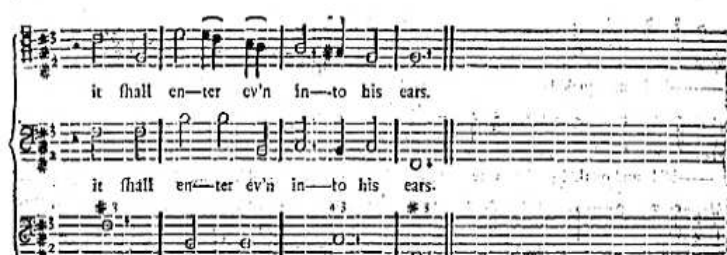
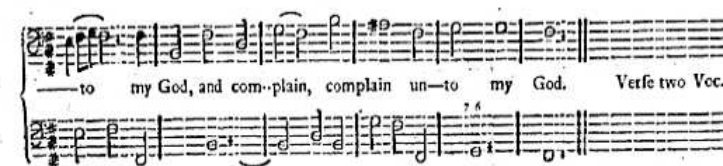
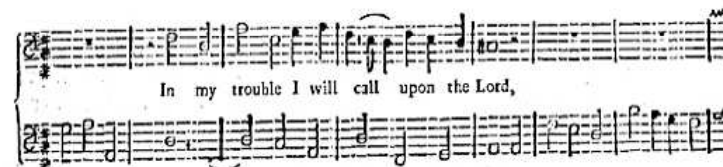
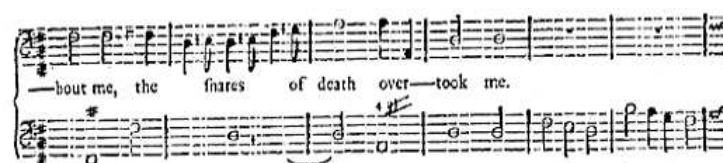
The sor-rows of dea-

—th compas'd me, the sor-rows of

—th compas'd me, and the over flowings of un-god-li-ness

mide me a-fraid, the pains of

hell, the pains of hell came a-bout me, the sor-rows of



CHORUS.

The earth trem—bl'd, and quak'd, the earth, trem—
 The earth trem—bl'd and quak'd, the earth trem—
 The earth trem—bl'd and quak'd, the earth trem—
 The earth trem—bl'd and quak'd, the earth trem—

—bl'd and quak'd,
 —bl'd and quak'd, the very foundation of the hills shook, and were re—
 —bl'd and quak'd, the very foundation of the hills shook—
 —bl'd and quak'd, the very foundation of the

the very foundation of the hills shook, and were re—
 —mov'd, remov'd, were re—mov'd, remov'd, be—cause he was wrath, and
 —k, and were remov'd, remov'd, were re—mov'd, be—cause he was wrath, and
 hills shook and were re—mov'd, remov'd, be—cause he was wra—

—mov'd, remov'd be—cause he was wrath. Verse 2. Voc.
 were re—mov'd, because he was wrath. Verse 2. Voc.
 were remov'd, be—cause he was wrath.
 —th, and were remov'd, be—cause he was wrath.

The

Lord al-fo thun- dred out of Heav'n, and the

The Lord al-fo thun- dred out of Heav'n,

highest gave his thunder, the highest gave his thun- der,

and the highest gave his thunder, the highest gave his thun- der,

hail stones and coals of fire:

hail stones and coals of fire:

The Lord al-fo thun- dred out of

The Lord al-fo thun- dred out of

Heav'n, and the Highest gave his thunder, the Highest gave his thunder, hail-stones and

Heav'n, and the Highest gave his thunder, gave his thunder, hail-stones and

RIT. TER.

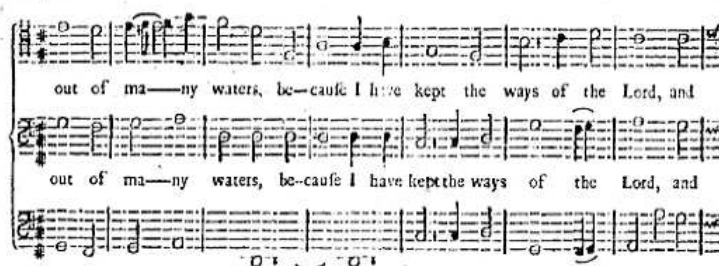
coals of fire.

coals of fire.

SLOW.

He shall send down from on high to fetch me, and shall take me

He shall send down from on high to fetch me, and shall take me



CHORUS:





—fa-ken my God, and have not for-fa-ken, for-fa-ken my God.

—fa-ken my God, and have not for-fa-ken, for-fa-ken my God.

—fa-ken my God, and have not for-fa-ken, for-fa-ken my God.

—fa-ken my God, and have not for-fa-ken, for-fa-ken my God.

—fa-ken my God, and have not for-fa-ken, for-fa-ken my God.

F I N I S.

